

WE CONQUER !!

NEW REGIMENTAL MOTTO AND CREST REVEALED WITH WINNERS' NAMES

Sgt Frank W Johnson of C Co, and Pfc Joseph L Pimental, Hq Co 2d Bn, have been declared the winners of the contest held to choose a regimental coat-of-arms and motto. The two winning men will be granted passes to Paris for their entry, which won a clear decision over all other insignias submitted.

The motto "We Conquer" is lettered against a gold background. The spearhead at the top is colored in black, except for the stylized SS which is in silver. The dragons teeth are white with a shaded top, and are surrounded by infantry blue. The wide empty space in the center is also white, with the two double lines on either side of it in gold. Also gold is the Rampant Lion, while the Cross of Lorraine remains silver. A red background is supplied for the Lion and the Cross. At the bottom of the crest, the first small arc is colored infantry blue, the next white and the remainder to the outline of the crest is solid black. The entire insignia is surrounded by a gold border.

Following is an explanation of the symbols in the crest, as quoted from the legend:

"The motto is from General Dwight D Eisenhower's statement, 'we come as conquerors.' We, the 423d Infantry Regiment, vanquish, subdue, defeat our foes. The duty of the aggressive, persistent fighting Infantryman is to conquer - to conquer himself, the elements, and all physical and mental obstacles -- to win for himself, his regiment, his country. CONQUER: A strong, hard word signifying the goal always to be achieved by the military profession of arms, whether in war or peace.

"Crest Symbols:
The Regimental Crest, shaped in the

design of the ancient Crusader's Shield, is surmounted by a Spearhead Thrust. The black, representing the enemy, is surmounted by the stylized SS insignia of

Von Rundstedt's fierce counterattack during the Ardennes Campaign.

"Siegfried Line: The penetration of the enemy's defense is symbolized by the block of Dragon's Teeth.

"Barbed Wire: To commemorate the hardships and suffering of the men on the line. The thin black lines on maps that designate where the frontlines are: That is where our fighting Infantryman is.

"Empty Center: The 'No Man's Land' of every engagement. The silent space dedicated to the honored dead of our regiment.

"Lorraine Cross: Commemorating service with the French Forces and our service in France.

"Belgium Lion: Ardennes Campaign and the day that will long be remembered: 16 December 1944. The eyes of the enemy were watching, the hearts and prayers of our nation were with us... we did not fail. The Infantry 'stuck it out'. 'They really stuck it out.' --General Bernard Montgomery, British Army.

"Convex Line: Actually the situation during the siege of the Lorient Pocket. The American Forces are represented by the blue line, surrounding and cutting off a desperate fanatic enemy who fights with his back to the ocean, and holding only the edge of the European Continent.

"Principle Colors: Blue for the branch of service; Red for the blood that soldiers shed; white in respect for our hallowed dead.

"Ample space is left for the inclusion of future insertions of symbols of service as the Regiment's history lengthens through future military operations."

Distribution of the Crest is being made to all Companies.





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EDITORIAL

We stood in the half drizzle last Saturday afternoon, and watched the regimental combat team pass in review before the commanding officers. The flashing blue flags of infantry spiced with the colorful red artillery banners waved in the air, the band music surged, and the troops marched by.

There was an indefinable feeling within us---a spark that even the dull regularity of the rain could not daunt. Thousands of faces sped by us. They were the faces of Americans---Americans marching not quite like any other soldiers in the world. There was no sense of superiority, haughtiness, or determined fireateness. There was only a feeling of equality. And above all there was pride. You could almost feel the pride of every man there, marching smartly, and going forward.

There is a special kind of pride that the American feels as he watches his flag pass by; or as he takes part in a parade for his nation. If every one of us could retain that kind of sudden overwhelming feeling that comes with the watching of our colors waving gallantly in the air, or that comes with marching in review, we could be assured of a more promising future. We could look with clear eyes to a new kind of postwar world of independence and freedom.

Let's not save our national pride for special events. Let us bring it into our everyday activities as well.

RAIN-CHECK

The Sports page has been omitted this week due to a shortage of space, and because all scheduled games were cancelled last week. These cancellations were made necessary in view of the fact that it was much too cold for water sports. However, the Sports page will return to its normal place in THE BIV-WACKY in the next issue, with a complete roundup of the top sporting events.

All letters to this paper should be sent through Message Center, and addressed to The Editor, Dynamic PRO, Thru M/C.

Friday 6 July

1500 Red Cross Club Mannebach
1900 Movie 3d Bn
2130 Movie Cannon Co and AT Co

Saturday 7 July

1300 Red Cross Club Mannebach
1430 Baseball Game 423 vs 3d Weisbaden
1430 Softball Game 423 vs 3d Zellar Fld
1900 Movie 3d Bn
1900 Softball Regt Tourney Co Diamonds
2130 Movie 2d Bn

Sunday 8 July

1000 Red Cross Club Mannebach
1400 Movie 1st Bn
1900 Movie 3d Bn
2130 Movie 2d Bn

AT YOUR SERVICE

If you have any doubts as to whether or not the 423rd Red Cross Club at Mannebach is a success, the following anecdote should dispell them. At a recent PRO meeting, Pvt Hyman Freedman of Co F was complaining that since there weren't any signs up, no one seemed to be able to find the new Donut Dugout. Lt Wensley gave Pvt Freedman an arch look and said, "Last night, you could hardly elbow your way through the crowd at the club, and the whole regiment was supposed to be on a problem!"

But for those who may still have trouble scenting out the smell of donuts and coffee, the proper signs leading to the Club have been erected. The Red Cross opens every day at 3:00, and you can usually count on the smiling face and husky voice of Miss Francie Becker to greet you.

OUR OWN AWARDS DEPARTMENT

THE BIV-WACKY bows its young head with shame for omitting the names of certain individuals in our acknowledgements last week.

Herewith we present the Order of the Crossed Tent Poles to Capt Wilbur Dinsmore for patience, and to Capt Joseph P Salber and his RSO staff for their skillful soliciting of the ever-elusive paper upon which THE BIV-WACKY is printed.

To Capt Gilbert Marcus, former Personnel Officer who was recently transferred, and the Personnel Section, for certain invaluable materials necessary to this paper we award the Sacred Cross of the Typewriter Ribbon with the Eraser cluster.

To Lt John C McCormick, who is hie. to the woes of UPO, we give the Silver Field Desk Medal (Ribbon issued in lieu of Medal).

THE BIV-WACKY wishes to extend a hearty journalistic greeting to the newest unit newspaper, the 423d's "The Smash and Drive." We wish to say that if at anytime The Smash and Drive runs into mimeograph stencil and paper shortages, it can cry with THE BIV-WACKY over a big bottle of cognac. (That is, provide d that THEY bring the cognac---there's a stage of that, too.)



THE NEW 423RD REGIMENTAL BAND SWINGS OUT WITH NO NAME JIVE

So far, the Regimental Band has no slick trade name to offer--like Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye, or Switch and Sweat with Charlie Barnett. But they have a great deal of very listenable music and entertaining versatility. The byline will come later.

They're having a tough time with that name. I found that when I asked them what the band needed most. Almost in unison, they shouted: "Good instruments, music scores, and a NAME!" They are thinking of having a contest to select a name, except they have nothing to offer as a prize but a battered horn, and that's being used as the third trumpet right now.

When I went over to see the boys the morning after their successful debut at the Red Cross last Sunday night, instead of practicing on their instruments, they were airing themselves out vocally. At the moment, the players had formed themselves into a choral group, and were polishing up a very aesthetic number that had something to do with the fact that you can't get beer on Sunday. "It's a novelty," explained Pfc Bernard J Granville of Hq Co 2nd Bn and the band's leader. Then as an afterthought, he added, "In fact it would be a novelty if you could get beer on any day around here."

The fellows went over their number a few more times. Big, good-natured Lt. Louis P Wilkins, who is in charge of the boys, kept glaring at one member who insisted on adding words of his own in certain peculiar places. When the song had been thoroughly rehearsed, the players picked up their instruments, and started putting the scales in their places. I wandered around, so that I could find out who the

different men were, and where they were from.

I Co. seemed to have made the most notable contribution to the band's harmony. In addition to Lt. Wilkins, there are Pfc James Bates on the tenor sax, Pfc Floyd C Burger and Pfc Doyle F Smith on guitars, and drummer man Pvt William Dowling. "Whenever we have roll call here," said Bates, "one of us stands up and says, '4th Platoon, I Company present and accounted for.'" Bates played alto sax for two years with Del Courtney's band before entering the army. I asked him how a tenor sax sounds played by an alto man. He looked straight at me and answered: "Damn good." Smith is probably one of the most unusual guitarists in the world. He plays it left-handed, and if you think it's easy, try it out on your first sergeant some time. Smith doesn't play with the band, but does the specialty playing, while Burger holds down the guitar spot in the rhythm section. Dowling is another former big time band player, having been with Jan Savitt before Uncle Sam said I want YOU.

At the piano is Service Company's Pvt Arthur E Kaufman, but he would much rather be called Pigfoot, and he usually is. Pigfoot is a complete addict of boogie-woogie and will gladly play it for you at the drop of a beat. As a chaplain's assistant, he has quite a time controlling that left hand while playing the organ for church services.

There are three trumpet players in the band: Pvt Bob Munn from M Co, Pvt Norman Grathwohl from Hq Co 2d Bn, and Pvt John Steffan from D Co. Pvt Munn, who used to

(Continued on page 6)

Quoth the Stars & Stripes



"Gerow's GI's Sit At Tables While Germans Do K.P."

--- Stars and Stripes, June 30, 1945.



"The 106th Inf Div has been scattered in the area near Bad Ems The snootiest hotels in the resort regions are billets for troops." --- Stars and Stripes, Sunday Supplement July 1, 1945,

OUR PASSING REPORTERS

TOUJOURS NAMUR

ICE CREAM, BLONDES AND LUPEN

(Cpl Oswald Spier of Hq Co wrote the following to us upon request for a story about going on pass.)



Today, Bill and I got the pass to Namur, Belgium. As you can imagine, we could hardly wait. Apparently, somebody else could hardly wait, too, because they got us up at two-thirty in the middle of the night. The trucks took us to the station

where we only had a two hour stay in a bombed out waiting room. Bill kept trying to impress me with some myth that the gadgets that snafu SCR 300's are air bubbles, which is ridiculous. I asked him if he had trouble with donut holes that way, and he got mad for some reason. "Lissen," he lissened me, but just then there was a rush and we found ourselves in a second class carraige with instructions in Italian not to lean out of the windows.

I opened a window and leaned out, since I couldn't read Italian. What a nice day. It had just stopped raining again.

After a bit, we got to the Belgian border, and at the first stop we bought a bottle. Cigarettes are going down, fellows.

I guess I might as well explain that I am typing this out as we go along, for I don't want to forget a single detail. So I'll write in the present tense from now on.

What a keen bottle of cognac this is. Bill is still worried about the air bubbles. "Lissen," he keeps saying. I think he's drinking that stuff too fast. He'll be stewed in no time.

Geez, you ought to see the cnics in this town. It's really a wolf's paradise. That goddam liquor is certainly good. Bill is g4tting drunkern hell.

We have 19ng stopover in Liege. Here is wh4re they swich the engune aroune. Bill is just coming bacI with another bottle of that stuff. Nor he bthers me anout thos5 air bubbles. The hwll with 6he air bubblrs.

Mow here ww are in the hotel rrom in Brussels. Bill iz relly tight. How we gpt hwre is a secret. Me and Boll aont t4llunh npbodt. But here*s whst you do see/? Wshn goy grt to Manure, gwt a pasd to Brussek at thr deal. Bug here we gor dtated on another bottle od tha5 syuff. Gocnac, you knoe. Billis reallu plasheded. I thinj ?I am ge5tinh drunc too. I csn

After the First Sergeant sold me on the idea that I wanted to go to the 106th Division Rest Center at Eupen, Belgium, I resigned myself to the fact that I was in for a rather dull three days. The same old story confronted me: Be up at six; tet that bag lunch; carry two blankets; get into the truck at 7:30 and take off.

But I needn't have been so apprehensive. For it turned out that the Rest Center is one army idea that really work out all to the soldier's advantage, and there are no catches. From the start, I had a good time.

The trip up took us through a lot of German cities that looked a lot like the mess that results when somebody accidentally steps on Junior's erector set. After a few hours of this, we arrived in Eupen and the first thing that all of us noticed was a little ice cream store across from the PX. Everybody rushed for the place, and unashamedly drooled all over their ice cream purchase.

After some formalities about checking in, we started out in one of those ever-present clouds of rain, and headed for our hotel.

Some got off at the Cub's Club, and the rest of us went over to a large place called the Lion's Den.

The lucky GI who works in the Lion's Den assigned us to our



rooms, and after using canvas for walls for so long, the reality of the rooms looked wonderful to me. And besides, now I know where all of those lovely cots disappeared to when we went on the ground.

As soon as we got settled, we were anxious to get started on the tour of the city. First we had to go down to the Finance Office and change some of those hard earned poker earnings into Belgian franc. It so happened that in the back of the same office, there was a little studio where we could make appointments for some photographs. Six post card size prints cost only 100 francs, and most of us took advantage of that immediately.

Around the corner from the finance office were the showers. That in itself is worth the trip. Walk right in, take off those crummy OD's, luxuriate in the shower, and on the way out pick up a clean change of clothes--with no supply sergeant to growl at you either.

Since it was about five o'clock, and our stomachs were beginning to complain, we went back to the hotel for something

REGIMENTAL BAND
(Continued from page three)

swing out for Jack Teagarden, says he has the only decent trumpet to use, while Grathwohl and Steffan have to put up with two horns, that no matter what their expert players do, continue to sound flat. Steffan swears that he and Grathwohl are going to do some moonlight requisitioning unless somebody comes through in a hurry with a couple of reasonable facsimiles of trumpets.

A Company's Pvt Joe Schwartz handles the clarinet section. The saxophone is really his instrument, but unfortunately a good sax nowadays seems to be hard to find -- or even a bad one for that matter. At any rate, Pvt Schwartz will continue to play a clarinet until someone donates a saxophone to him. At the far end of the trombone sits Pvt William North from K Co. Pvt North is one of the few band members who has no complaint about his instrument. The trombone looks like, sounds like, and is a trombone, which in this section of Germany is a definite rarity when it comes to things musical.

The man who hovers over the bass fiddle and beats hell out of it at the proper times is Pfc Donald Starr from F Co. I told Starr that one of the things I always had wanted to see was to have a man play a bass fiddle like a violin. Pfc Starr, however, was not amused. The only member of the band that wasn't fondling an instrument was Pvt Tom Gillenwater. It turned out he had a perfect right to look as if he were goldbricking, for he does the vocals. I restrained an impulse to ask what he thought of Sinatra. The vision of all these men throwing their instruments my way and screaming Oh Frankie was a little too much for me.

Presiding over this musical group is Pfc Granville, or BJ as he prefers to be called. In the faroff civilian days, Granville taught piano, but for the band he contents himself merely with leading, singing, arranging, and composing. When I asked what he did with his spare time, he said with a peculiar leer, "Make spitballs. Wanna see???"

I diverted BJ's attention by asking who was the fellow who just walked in. BJ told me it was Pvt William Taylor from Co A, and above all the one man that the band couldn't do without. He attends to all the backstage jobs and gets none of the on-stage bows. Pvt Taylor takes care of making sure that the music is readable, transposing tunes for the particular instruments of the band, arranging for publicity and such things that are vital to a band's proper functioning.

I asked BJ what he thought of the band and he answered, "Well, considering the fact that most of our instruments are terrible, and that we don't have the right kind of music nor the proper access to

Well isn't the word though, fellows. If you've heard the band, you know that they're fast on their way to being described as terrific, even though they have only been organized for a week and a half. Despite the fact that their instruments are far inferior to their excellent playing, they still manage to send out a good brand of orchestral musicianship. The band plays almost every night over at the Red Cross, and once you've listened to them, you'll be going over to hear the 423rd Infantry Regiment dance band swing out, as well as to dunk donuts.

EUPEN

(Continued from page five)

little Eupenite showed us to our table. We were served a delicious meal of baked ham, mashed potatoes, crisp lettuce salad, coffee and cake.

After dinner, we walked down to the bar, and had some beer--not the usual suds that is supplied and that we laughingly call beer--but the real American brew. Also it was inexpensive, which is a great help, too. There was no limit to the amount that we could have, and they never ran out.

That night, as every night, there was a floor show and dance. It wasn't necessary to bring a girl, as there were plenty of waitresses, and most of them could be looked at more than once without crossing your eyes. Then, too, there are many local girls who attend the affairs and are more than willing to dance. Other than dancing, I don't know. After all, I went there to rest, or so my first sergeant said, and who am I to make a liar out of him? We found a table, and watched great numbers of waiters and waitresses buzz about us, juggling large trays of ten and twelve glasses of beer. It was a wonderful sight, and one you shouldn't miss.

I went to bed about midnight. The sack felt good compared to the cold, hard, damp ground. About 8:30 the next morning a guy shook me and said: "Hey, wanna eat?" So, after a tough struggle getting out of bed, I sauntered down to the dining room, and there was a blonde job in one of those sweaters. A pleasant sight so early in the morning. It makes the food go down easier. And what food! She served us juice, cereal, fried fresh eggs, toast and coffee.

The next days were spent in a pleasing variety of this formula. In addition to the things I have mentioned, there is a GI movie theatre with the latest shows, places to shop, Red Cross clubs, and if you wish you can get a pass to Verviers.

I found Eupen an excellent rest center. The food was fine, the hotel comfortable, the prices reasonable. To top off this fine time, you come back knowing the days don't count against your furlough or pass time, and that you've hardly dented that bankroll you've been saving for Paris or the Riviera.